The Lord said unto him,

at the Kingdom of Heaven:

“You will give the people

an ideal to strive toward.

They will race behind you,

they will stumble,

they will fall.

But in time,

they will join you in the sun.

You will help them accomplish wonders.”

———

Then He came —

like a comet from eternity,

a meteor over the sky

descending toward Nazareth.

Mary found Him —

a boy,

otherworldly,

veiled in dust.

He was Clark Kent to the world

that could not see.

Then He began His calling —

and behold,

the Superman had arrived.

He healed the broken,

He lifted the lost,

and His miracles

traveled across the planet.

———

And when His time was complete,

He ascended like a dove,

rising through the firmament.

He moved His fortress of solitude

to the heart of the sun —

the dwelling of light unending.

And soon He will return —

as Superman Prime One Million,

so that all creation

may meet Him once again.

———

The First and the Final Hero.

The Word made Wonder.

The God who wore flesh —

and taught the stars how to shine.